UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Can We Test for Ethical Superiority?

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter XI. By M. K. GANDHI

Was the General Strike Worth While?

By WALTER WALSH

The Great Upheaval

By ANGELA MORGAN

The Conquest of the Philippines

By FREDERICK STARR

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1926 NUMBER 17

MAN OF COURAGE

(Inscribed to Rev. Walter Walsh, London)

If every tongue should speak as he has spoken;
If church and kingdom, scholar, sage and priest,
Yearning to see the bonds of evil broken
Would thunder Truth, from greatest unto least,
If every coward soul that sees the Vision
But fears the cost nor dares the sacrifice
Would lift its colors to the foe's derision,
Nor heed the penalty, nor count the price . . .

If from the throats of every earnest nation
One mighty call for peace should rend the air,
One ceaseless passion of denunciation
Rise from the hearts of people everywhere;
If all should say: "Let poverty be done!
For man is sick of wrong and all oppression"—
How soon would peace and righteousness be won,
How soon would earth be healed of her transgression!

See how he strides, a giant in the gale,
'Mid smaller ships that dread to take the sea.
Built for the storm, his courage shall not fail,
His challenge shall persist, for you and me.
Keen for the goal, how gallant is his striving,
How taut, how true the lusty sail and spar;
Knowing his port, assured of his arriving,
Steering his purpose by the Northern Star!

ANGELA MORGAN.

More and more as scholars delve into the causes of the Great War, it becomes evident that Russia was the chief criminal involved. In the beginning, and throughout the period of the conflict, it was almost universally believed that Germany had deliberately planned a world-conquest and thus had single-handedly precipitated the European horror. The first revision of this charge of Germany's exclusive responsibility came shortly after the close of the War in the growing realization of the fact that no one nation, not Germany or any other, was responsible alone for what took place, but that all the combatant nations had a share in this responsibility. Lloyd-George gave utterance to this idea when he said on December 23, 1920, that "the more one reads memoirs and books . . . the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war. . . . It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled." G. Lowes Dickinson had stated this very fact in 1914 when, in his book, "The European Anarchy," he laid the blame at the door of that general condition of "anarchy which they (the various nations) are all responsible for perpetuating." As time went on, however, and more and more documents were revealed and facts made known, it became evident that some nations were, after all, more responsible for what transpired than others. Historians began to assess the blame again, and *not* at the expense of Germany. Thus in his famous article in the *Current History Magazine* for May, 1924, Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes gave the judgment of most competent and honest scholars at that date when he said that "the relative responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities (was) Austria, Russia, France, Germany and England." But now comes still another revision. Time has gone on, and further facts have been revealed. So that (see the *Christian Century,* Novmber 5, 1925) Prof. Barnes feels obliged now to withdraw his earlier diagnosis and declare "the sole and direct responsibility of Russia and France for the European War of 1914." He adds that "it is difficult to say which should be put in the first place," but there is little question, in our mind, that in the end Russia will be held by all historians to be the one nation which plotted and precipitated the conspiracy, with Serbia as her willing tool.

One can feel little satisfaction in the branding of any nation as the central criminal in this awful catastrophe, yet if any one nation must be held directly responsible, it is somehow fitting that this nation should be the Russia of the Tsars. "The arc of the universe is long," said Theodore Parker, "but it bends toward justice." Russia was the first nation to collapse under the strain of the conflict which she herself had willed. Her government was the first to be overthrown, and her princes, statesmen, soldiers the first to be driven into exile. Her ruler was the only one to die miserably, with his pitiable family, at the hands of assassins. Her state was the first and only state to pass permanently into the hands of the most extreme and determined revolutionists of our time, and thus lead the way to the later day of world-wide emancipation for the race. Yes, God is just, after all. Yet not perfectly just, else would France have gone the way of Russia, and Germany have escaped the especial whips and scorpions which were laid wantonly upon her. But even in these cases, perhaps, justice is slow rather than imperfect. For Germany is rapidly and surely recovering from her undeserved disaster, while France,

co-conspirator with Russia against the peace and order of the world, seems to be slipping steadily into that black pit of collapse and ruin, where, with her partner in the greatest crime of all the ages, she so richly deserves to lie. Yet is there no perfect justice even here. Grant that guilty nations have been and are being fittingly punished, what about the peoples of these nations as contrasted with the governments? Russia and France responsible for the war? Yes! But not Russian people and French people. These peoples are innocent of all offense, yet have they suffered beyond all tongue can tell or mind can understand. How can such irony of circumstance be explained except in terms of that idea of vicarious atonement which seems to be the only real solution of the problem of evil?

The triumph of Senator Brookhart in Iowa suits us right down to the ground. Yea, right down to the ground, and then 'way down into that grave in which Cummins, Coolidge, Republican reaction, World Court and League of Nations dishonesty, "wet" hypocrisy and treason, are buried beyond the reach of any resurrection trumpet. Just look at the situation for a moment! Iowa is a banner Republican state. In such a state, this is what happened. (1) Brookhart, a radical of the radicals, completely swamps Senator Cummins, once a radical in the ancient days of the forgotten Allison, but now a comfortable conservative. This means, thank God, that the progressive spirit is still alive in this country, ready for the new and better day ahead; (2) Brookhart is an out-and-out opponent of the World Court; Cummins supported the court, and now is added to McKinley of Illinois, Pepper of Pennsylvania, and Stanfield of Oregon, as the fourth of the World Court senators in succession to be repudiated by the people. We have always said that the so-called sentiment in this country for our entry into the Court was a sham, and here—four times over in the popular primaries—is the proof of it; (3) Brookhart is a "dry"—a "bone-dry." He was opposed in the primaries not only by Cummins but by a "wet," who tried to make anti-Prohibition an issue. This "wet" had his labor for his pains, for he was buried so deep in the returns that the newspapers hardly make mention of him at all. Prohibition may be an issue in New York, but Iowa is well satisfied with the 18th Amendment and the Volstead act alike; (4) lastly, Brookhart is an anti-Coolidge man—an anti-Coolidge man with a slam and a bang which have resounded from one end of the country to the other. He refused to support Coolidge in the last presidential campaign, has attacked the President in season and out of season, and in this primary campaign against Cummins devoted his speeches to denunciation of the administration and all its officers and works. The victory of such a foe means the end of Coolidge, unless all signs are deceptive. The President's prestige was pricked in Illinois, punctured in Pennsylvania, exploded in Oregon, and now cut into ribbons and chewed into bits in Iowa. We don't know whether Senater Borah wants to be President or not, but the way to the Republican nomination in 1928 is now wide open before him.

Among other tendencies in India is one for the militarization of the population. This movement, of course, runs exactly counter to the teachings of Gandhi, and represents the most serious menace to his policies and, for that matter, to the future security and happiness of the nation. It is interesting to see how the leaders of the movement are finding inspiration and example from what is going on here in the United States. For example! Here is an India paper recently come to our desk, which represents the militaristic viewpoint. Conspicuous in the paper is an article headed, "Let Us Protect Ourselves—Facts About Military Education in the United States." Then comes a long series of paragraphs giving facts and figures about military training in the schools, colleges and universities of this country. This is followed by comment by the editor, from which we quote some interesting passages:

> Why is the War Department of the U. S. A. paying so much attention to military education now? . . . It seems to us that his (Uncle Sam's) idea is to keep himself prepared for any occasion that may arise in future in order to defend his own country.
>
> If U. S. A., a first-rate power in the world, a supposed terror to aggressive and greedy nations, . . . has to be ready months and years ahead for warding off dangers that are not yet in sight, then what of India, a country which has absolutely no means to protect her from the tigers and bears, wolves and other wild animals which are waiting to pounce upon her? Then, under these circumstances, is it a crime for India to think of learning the first principles of self-protection?
>
> It is for India to get ready to protect herself if she means to protect the people from further exploitation. . . . She must stand upon her own feet.

Thus does an evil spread infection, like disease. Our policy of military training brings aid and comfort to the advocates of force and violence in a country on the other side of the globe. Our very reputation for peace makes our example the more dangerous. Mahatma Gandhi's great work in India may be defeated by an R. O. T. C. here in America!

We took a preaching excursion up into central Massachusetts the other day, and encountered a phenomenon which we did not know existed in that conservative state—namely, a street railroad owned and operated by a municipality, in this case a town of some 10,000 inhabitants. When we were told, before our arrival, of this dire fact, we expected to see the town in ruins, its public buildings dynamited or otherwise destroyed, its churches defiled and closed, its family life broken up in favor of indiscriminate free love, and, of course, the Stars and Stripes supplanted by the red flag of Bolshevism. But when we arrived we saw a pecu-

liarly beautiful and prosperous community, with handsome public buildings, large churches, busy factories, a bank, and everywhere typical and attractive New England homesteads. Yet the street railroad was publicly *owned! Think of that!!* On making inquiries, we ran up against the usual story: The electric road had been prosperous until the recent great development of the automobile. Then, in this place as everywhere else, it fell on evil times. Finally it announced that it was no longer able to make its business pay, and would suspend operation. But the people of this community were different from other people! They felt that the railroad still had a public use, even if it couldn't produce a private profit. They had the extraordinary idea that, somehow or other, a street railroad exists for some imaginable purpose other than that of enriching stockholders. Furthermore, they were proud of their lovely town, and didn't want it defaced by rusty rails. *So they bought the road, and are running it today as a public enterprise.* With the result that the convenience of the people is still being served, the rolling stock has been renewed and re-equipped, and interest is being paid regularly on the bonds! And the city still stands, and its citizens are as proud as peacocks. Yet we doubt if there are 100 Socialist voters in the place! But what of it! Names are unimportant.

We report with sincere regret the sudden and premature death of Meyer London, Socialist member of Congress during the three sessions of 1915-1919 and 1921-1923. Born in Russia in 1871, he came to the United States in 1891, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1898. From the latter date forward he was a leading personality in the Socialist and labor movements, first as attorney for various unions and director of union policy, and later as the sole member of his party in the House of Representatives. In Washington he was always an indefatigable worker; Champ Clark once referred to him as the busiest man in Congress. He gave himself without stint to the task to which he was elected; his office was the headquarters of all who in those days went to the Capitol to plead for economic justice and peace. He made speeches that to this hour remain classics of their kind; he took part in every important debate; he won the respect and admiration of conservative colleagues; he was constantly present on the floor, courteous, attentive, well-informed, earnest and dependable in all the business of the House. He of course opposed American participation in the World War. He fought against conscription; he labored for amnesty for political prisoners, for relief for the farmers and the unemployed, for justice for Russia, Ireland and India, for tax reform, for the freedom of the press, for suffrage, and for countless corrections of law and practice designed to benefit the masses of workers. At no time in the busiest part of his life was he in perfect health; he was a martyr to duty in the sense that he was continually active during periods when, had he been less loyal and devoted, he might better have been in a hospital. Not a great orator, as the phrase is commonly used, but one who was obviously intelligent, sympathetic and inspired! Not a great radical, not an extremist, but a most useful and helpful counselor and friend! Perhaps not a great man, but certainly a valuable one! Struck down in his prime, we lament his loss. His life was a victory over circumstance. His example and the memory of his labors will remain with us through the years, and we shall speak his name with gratitude and love.

Can We Test for Ethical Superiority?

II.

There are certain fundamental philosophical and psychological problems involved in this question of testing for ethical superiority which might be discussed at great length, such as: the relation of ethics to our innate nature, and the effect of various environments upon our ideas of what is good. But such questions, while basic and interesting, do not belong in this discussion. We shall plunge immediately into the process of testing, omitting any attempt at solution of these age-old philosophical conundrums.

The first measure which might be applied as a standard is suggested by our study of intelligence and is closely analogous to it; namely, the superior person is one who has lively interests.

It is interesting to contrast the intelligent with the feeble-minded or abnormally dull. A study of their behavior almost always reveals striking differences in the way in which they react to a given situation. The person of superior intellectual capacity exhibits keen awareness of what is going on about him. Put him in a desert, and he will begin to study, observe, ask questions, see problems. Put him in the classroom and he will be on mental tip-toe. If he is on a transatlantic liner, he will want to explore. Nothing is meaningless, nothing is without its challenge.

But the person who has a sub-normal intellectual capacity remains comparatively dull and inert in the midst of stimuli which would awaken his companion to

lively interest. The unintelligent must be prodded and driven to see meaning in things. He may go through life bored nearly to extinction, while his brother man may be fascinated and find life altogether too short for exploring and adventuring.

Confucius, one of the wisest of teachers, recognized this principle when he said: "When a man says not, 'What shall I think of this? What shall I think of that?' I can indeed do nothing with him." And again "I do not reveal the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor assist any one who is not himself anxious to explain." In other words, *interest* is the keynote of education as it is of all intellectual processes.

May we not legitimately make *interest in ethical situations the first test for the ethically superior person?* There is an almost exact parallel between the intelligent and the ethical on the one side, and the dull and unethical on the other side, in this particular respect. There are obviously other elements which enter into the distinction between the good and the evil man; but here is surely one measure by which we may judge people to determine whether they are of high-grade or of low-grade morality. In the midst of a life seething with struggle between good and evil forces; in the midst of a world where every day great issues are at a crisis, the superior man reacts, studies, takes an interest, stands morally tip-toe, thoroughly alive, while the unethical person remains listless, does not react, takes no interest and remains thoroughly inert.

To make this more concrete, let us take some specific cases, illustrating the operation of the test.

First, observe the behavior of people in relation to any great social problem, and we see that the average person is indifferent to the ethical challenge. Those who have had to do with fighting organized wrong and battling old customs which have become uncouth in our day, know all too well that it is only the rare person who will respond to the appeal sufficiently to take even a momentarily flickering interest in the issue. Oratory may stir for a brief period, campaigns may secure subscriptions, but within a few hours most of the population will fall back into utter indifference and go their individual ways as if there were no issue burning around them like a conflagration.

Innocent men may be snatched from their homes and families, dragged to the stake, and burned alive. Yet the masses of people will remain ethically neutral unless lashed into taking sides. Children may be exploited in mines and mills, yet not one in a hundred will raise his voice or hand against it, or see in it a shame to our civilization. Women may be enslaved in the most degrading form of sexual exploitation, yet respectable people go through life without feeling one spark of resentment. Infants may die needlessly by the hundreds of thousands, simply because of the fatal indifference of good people to the issue of public health. Men may be forced to work under unspeakable conditions of long hours and unsanitary arrangements, yet the vast majority shrug their shoulders and condone it.

Wars and rumors of wars still shake our social order to its very foundations, poisons are manufactured by thousands of tons, science is prostituted to the unspeakable business of strangling and burning out the eyes and lungs of innocent men, women and children, youths are drilled into complete and unthinking obedience to military orders, and yet in the midst of this universal madness, the average person remains unperturbed, or bored when a preacher takes a text for a sermon on peace. It is appalling to think that in 1914 millions of human beings were living on the edge of world catastrophe and yet giving no heed to the signs of disaster. It is even more appalling to realize that in view of this terrible warning, there are still millions who go the way of obliviousness or indifference to the great moral issues involved in militarism and imperialism.

And the list by no means ends with this brief recital. We find the same attitude of *laissez faire* with regard to the problems of vice in all its forms, such as uses of drugs, sexual degeneracy and drunkenness. The masses still remain ignorant and heedless of the misery these create.

It may be complained that this is oratorical exaggeration, but it is sober truth. As has been said, there are people who can be whipped into spasmodic moral crusades, but the fact remains that they have to be artificially stimulated, and their emotional fervor soon burns to dead ashes. The ethically superior person is one who sees the ethical implications in life, who voluntarily takes an interest in them, and who is capable of sustaining that interest through all the vicissitudes of victory or defeat. He is never indifferent. He is one who burns with indignation when his fellows are exploited, he sees the degradation into which men sink when they become the victims of organized or personal vice, he realizes the stupendous dangers in wars, racial hatreds and bigotries. His pulse quickens, his thought clarifies, he becomes ethically alive, tense and eager. Lowell, in his immortal poem, "The Present Crisis," puts the issue clearly when he says:

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, just through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous 'til the judgment hath passed by.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

(To Be Continued)

Jottings

The French High Commissioner in Syria tells the world that the Syrians welcomed the bombardment of Damascus last month, and gave him an ovation when he made his entry into the ruined city. This reminds us how, according to Southern testimony, the slaves used to love slavery in the days before the Civil War.

There are some things so funny—so absurdly, so excruciatingly ridiculous—that we wonder this old planet does not crack from sheer inextinguishable laughter. The latest is Mussolini paying tribute to the virtues of St. Francis of Assissi!

The famous three-year-old, "Coronach," won this year's Derby at Epsom Downs.

"He is gone from the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,"

but he was right there at the winning post all the same.

We were over-hasty and over-scrupulous in apologizing in a recent issue (May 17, page 183) for having stated in an earlier issue that conscription during the war was applied in this country to aliens. We have been promptly reminded by readers with better memories than ours that, regardless of the letter of the law, the government went right ahead and conscripted foreigners along with citizens. We should have known this all along, of course, for the worst and not the best is always to be taken for granted of governments in war-time.

Our friend, the *Arbitrator* (114 East 31st Street, New York) still knows how to say the right thing in just the right way. Listen to this from the June issue:

> The Riot Act, read to the Passaic strikers, ended with the phrase, "God save the State!" The royal proclamation against the general strike in England contained the appeal, "God save the King!"
>
> When a practicable method of securing justice for all is evolved, the slogan may be, "God save the People!"

There is no question today as to the leadership of the "dry" forces in this country; Coolidge lost his chance, in penalty of his do-nothing policy, and Borah takes the lead. Among the "wets," Governor Smith, of New York, and Senator Reed, of Missouri, seem equally conspicuous. As a "dry," we welcome the coming fray. J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XI

Preparation for England

I passed the matriculation examination in 1887. It used to be held at two centers, *viz.*, Ahmedabad and Bombay, and the general poverty of the country naturally led Kathiawad students to prefer the nearer and cheaper center. The poverty of my family likewise dictated to me the same choice. This was my first journey from Rajkot to Ahmedabad, and that, too, without a companion.

My elders wanted me to pursue my studies at college after the matriculation. There was a college in Bhavnagar as well as in Bombay, and as the former was cheaper, I decided to go there and join the Samaldas College. I went, but found myself entirely at sea. Everything was difficult. I could not follow, let alone take an interest in, the professors' lectures. It was no fault of theirs. The professors in that college were regarded as first-rate. Only I was so raw. At the end of the first term, I returned home.

We had in Mavji Dave—a shrewd and learned Brahmin—an old friend and adviser of the family. He had kept up his connection with the family even after my father's death. He happened to visit us during my vacation. In conversation with my mother and elder brother, he inquired about my studies. Learning that I was at Samaldas College, he said: "The times are changed. And none of you can expect to succeed to your father's *gadi* without having had a proper education. Now, as this boy is still pursuing his studies, you should all look to him to keep the *gadi*. It will take him four or five years to get his B. A. degree, which will at best qualify him for a sixty rupees' job, not for a Dewanship. If, like my son, he went in for law, it would take him still longer, by which time there would be a host of lawyers aspiring for a Dewan's post. I would far rather that you sent him to England. My son Kevalram says it is very easy to be a barrister. In three years' time he would return. Also, expenses would not exceed four to five thousand. Think of that barrister who has just come back from England. How stylishly he lives! He could get the Dewanship for the asking. I would strongly advise you to send Mohandas to England this very year. Kevalram has numerous friends in England. He will give notes of introduction to them, and Mohandas will have an easy time of it there."

Joshiji—that is how we used to call old Mavji Dave—turned to me with complete assurance and

asked: "Would you not rather go to England than study here?" Nothing could be more welcome to me. I was fighting shy of my difficult studies. I jumped at the proposal and said that the sooner I was sent the better. It was no easy business to pass examinations quickly. Could I not be sent to qualify for the medical profession?

My brother interrupted me: "Father never liked it. He had you in mind when he said that we Vaishnavas should have nothing to do with dissection of dead bodies. Father intended you for the bar."

Joshiji chimed in: "I am not opposed to the medical profession like Gandhiji (my father). Our *shastras* are not against it. But a medical degree will not make a Dewan of you and I want you to be Dewan, or if possible something better. Only in that way could you take under your protecting wings your large family. The times are fast changing and getting harder every day. It is the wisest thing, therefore, to become a barrister." Turning to my mother he said, "Now, I must leave. Pray ponder over what I have said. When I come here next I shall expect to hear of preparations for England. Be sure to let me know if I can assist in any way."

Joshiji went. And I began building castles in the air.

My elder brother was greatly exercised in his mind. How to find wherewithal to send me? And was it proper to trust a young man like me to go abroad alone?

My mother was sorely perplexed. She did not like the idea of parting from me. And this is how she tried to put me off: "Uncle is now the eldest member of the family. He should first be consulted. If he consents we shall consider the matter."

My brother had another idea. "We have a certain claim on the Porbunder State. Mr. Lely is the Administrator. He thinks highly of our family and uncle is in his good books. It is just possible that he might recommend you for some state help for your education in England." I liked all this. I got ready to start off for Porbunder. There was no railway in those days. It was a five days' bullock cart journey. I have already admitted that I was a coward. But at that moment my cowardice vanished before the desire to go to England, which completely possessed me. I hired a bullock cart as far as Dhoraji, and from Dhoraji I took a camel, in order to get to Porbunder a day quicker This was my first camel ride.

I arrived at last. I did obeisance to uncle, and told him everything. He thought it over and said: "I am not sure whether it is possible for one to stay in England without prejudice to one's religion. From all I have heard, I have my doubts. When I meet these big barristers, I see no difference between their life and that of Europeans. They know no scruples regarding food. Cigars are never out of their mouths. They dress as shamelessly as Englishmen. All that would not be in keeping with our family tradition. But I do not want to stand in your way. I am shortly going on a pilgrimage. I have not many years to live. At the threshold of death, how dare I give you permission to go to England, to cross the seas? But I will not stand in your way. It is your mother's permission which really matters. If she permits you, then godspeed! Tell her I will not interfere. You will go with my blessings."

"I could expect nothing more from you," said I. "I shall now try to win mother over. But would you not recommend me to Mr. Lely?"

"How can I do that?" said he. "But the *Sahib* is a good man. You ask for an appointment telling him how you are connected. He will certainly give you one, and may even help you."

I cannot say why my uncle did not give me a note of recommendation. I have a faint idea that he hesitated to co-operate directly in what was in his opinion an irreligious act, *viz.*, my going to England.

I wrote to Mr. Lely, who asked me to see him at his residence. He saw me as he was ascending the staircase, and saying curtly, "Pass your B. A. first and then see me. No help can be given you now," he hurried upstairs. I had made elaborate preparations to meet the Sahib, I had carefully studied up a few sentences, and I had bowed low and saluted him with both the hands. But all to no purpose!

I thought of my wife's ornaments. I thought of my elder brother, in whom I had the utmost faith. He was generous to a fault, and he loved me as his son.

I returned to Rajkot from Porbunder and told them all that had happened. I consulted the Joshiji, who, of course, advised even incurring a debt if necessary. I suggested the disposal of my wife's ornaments, which could fetch about two to three thousand rupees. My brother promised to find the money somehow.

My mother was, however, yet unwilling. She had begun making minute inquiries. Someone had told her that young men got lost in England. Another had said that they took to meat; and yet another that they could not live there without liquor. "How about all this?" she asked me. I said: "Will you not trust me? I shall not lie to you. I swear that I shall not touch any of those things. If there were any such danger, would Joshiji let me go?"

"I can trust you," she said, "but how can I trust you in a distant land? I am dazed and know not what to do. I shall ask Becharji Swami."

Becharji Swami was originally a Modh Bania, but had now become a Jain monk. He, too, was a family adviser like Joshiji. He came to my help and said: "I shall get the boy solemnly to take the three vows, and then he can be allowed to go." He administered the oath, and I vowed not to touch wine, woman and meat. This done, my mother gave her permission.

The high school had a send-off in my honor. It was an uncommon thing for a young man of Rajkot to go to England. I had written out a few words of thanks. But I could scarcely stammer them out. I remember how my head reeled and how my whole frame shook as I stood up to read them.

With the blessings of my elders, I started for Bombay. This was my first journey from Rajkot to Bombay. My brother accompanied me. But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. There were difficulties to be faced in Bombay.—(*Translated from Navajivan by M. D.*)

M. K. GANDHI.

Was the General Strike Worth While?

The general strike lasted exactly nine days, but it will be more than a nine days' wonder; it will be remembered for many a day as the great experiment which failed in its immediate objective and left the most sincere friends of Labor wondering whether it was worth while. Let every allowance be made for the exaggerated claims that it was a wonderful manifestation of Labor's idealism, comradeship and solidarity, and let us make every allowance for the necessity of beaten champions covering their retreat; the fact remains that as a means toward enabling the coal miners to break down the lock-out of the owners and get back to work on the old terms it was a complete and disastrous failure. The chief good it has done is to have afforded a clear object lesson of how not to do it. The general strike is an idea that has been toyed with by some honest Labor leaders, and has seemed possible to some of the rank and file, while others were unconvinced but willing to see the experiment tried. They have now seen the experiment tried, and their emphatic verdict is "Never again!" It has had its trial run and has proved its incompetency. It is forever out of the running.

What is the situation at the moment of writing? The strike was called off by the representatives of the Trades Union Congress, unconditionally and *without consultation with the representatives of the miners* on whose behalf they had proclaimed it, and who at once perceived and announced that they must and would continue the fight single-handed. The Prime Minister then made certain proposals which both the miners and the owners rejected, though, of course, for different reasons, and there is again, just as before the strike, complete deadlock. That is the position at the moment these words are being written. The stoppage in the coal industry is complete, and the miners are now organizing for a long and obstinate struggle (in which no doubt they will have the financial support of the other unions) which will involve the hold-up of railways, factories and all industries in which coal power is essential, and may even yet draw other workers into it, so that the strike may by necessity yet become general, though there is no general strike, every union fighting for its own hand, and the end no man can see.

Prophecy being ruled out, the best thing we can do is to get a clear view of the course of events. The report of the Royal Commission, of which Sir Herbert Samuel was chairman, is central to the whole affair. The report surveyed the coal industry from every point of view, hinted that the miners might have to consider the possibility of reduced wages or longer hours, or the Government must continue the subsidy, until such time as the entire industry was reorganized on more efficient and economic lines, which might even involve a measure of nationalization. Nine months elapsed between the issue of the report and the mine owners' lock-out notices terminating the men's engagements unless they continued to work under a scale of wage reductions which must seriously impair their home life. During that period of nine months, the Prime Minister was more or less busy in conducting negotiations between the two sides, but shirked the question of reorganization, and kept dallying with the minor question of wages and hours in face of the miners' resolute and oft-repeated declaration that they refused absolutely to consider wages and hours unless negotiations thereon were conducted simultaneously and concurrently with plans for reorganization. In no other way, they believed, could a reduced standard of living be prevented from becoming permanent. In persistently evading the main question, the miners believed Mr. Baldwin to be playing the owners' game, and this opinion is generally held by the Labor Party. The report was clear in its opinion that no sacrifices should be demanded from the workers till all practicable means for improving the industry had been adopted. Therefore, in demanding sacrifices first, up to the last minute of the lock-out notices and when the machinery of the general strike and the Government resistance thereto were being set up before his eyes, Mr. Baldwin blundered so badly that he can never hope for industry's forgiveness. At the eleventh hour, before the lock-out notices took effect, his activity became feverish, but when the clock was about to strike he suddenly broke off negotiations. Why? On the pretext that the printing staff of the *Daily Mail* had that very night interfered with the freedom of the press by refusing to print the editor's unfair statement of the position. Of this informal strike in one office against one particular article, the Trades Union Council were entirely ignorant, and of course not responsible for it, but certain infuriated members of the Cabinet (common opinion names Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill) threatened resignation if the negotiations were continued, and, as before, Mr. Baldwin yielded, went to the House of Commons and declared the negotiations off. Then the general strike was declared.

Now that the general strike is ended and the question is how to get the miners back to the pits, how fares it with the vacillating Prime Minister? As before. In spite of promises solemnly made, and learning nothing from the past, he repeats the fatal blunder of the pre-strike negotiations, and makes proposals for a reduction of miners' wages *unaccompanied by concurrent reforms in the working of the coal industry*. Again the miners refuse, and are preparing for a prolonged struggle. It has to be noted that the mine owners also reject the new Baldwin proposals, though for different reasons. From beginning to end, Mr. Baldwin and the Government have blundered.

The question is naturally pressed, "Why did the T. U. C. yield so suddenly and call off the strike without even consulting the miners on whose behalf it had been initiated?" The influence of "men of good will," like Sir Herbert Samuel, is not to be overlooked. Their unofficial suggestions opened a way of escape which some members of the council were very ready to utilize. It is well known that the general strike was for the most part a trades union device, tepidly supported or entirely disapproved by the Parliamentarians, such as Clynes, Snowden, Macdonald, and even Thomas who openly declared that he never was or had been in favor of the principle of a general strike. We then understood the reason for his strenuous efforts to keep the negotiations going. A second "Black Friday" would have ended his connection with the Labor Party. So, like the others, he stood in with the majority of the council, but came out with a jump at the first blink of an opportunity. The "intellectuals" have so far been silent. Frank Hodges, the International Miners' sec-

retary, has been frankly hostile. The disintegrating effect upon the party remains to be seen. Not unnaturally, there are mutterings from mining quarters about "betrayal" and times coming to "settle accounts." If the party can heal internal strike it may be expected to take a stride forward whensoever the next general election arrives. The frankly pro-capitalist policy of the Government, both in peaceful negotiation and war-like strike, might be expected to rally to Labor those trustful souls who hitherto have believed that a Conservative or Liberal Government would manifest some special tenderness towards Labor when the pinch came. It has to be noted that the Liberal leaders—Lord Oxford, Earl Grey, Lord Buckmaster, Sir John Simon—stood in openly with the Tory Government, so that even the *Daily News* was tempted to agree that they had destroyed the last hope of liberalism. Lloyd George alone made a decent bid for fair play, but unfortunately he has ceased to count. The Labor Party never had such an opportunity, if its leaders could be seen to come out of the fire with unsinged garments.

The urgency for calling off the strike (if further reason is demanded) appeared when it became known to the public that the response to the "general" strike had been far from general. Large proportions of shipyard and engineering workers ignored the call, and influential bodies returned to work after formal intimation that they had come to the decision that, while as loyal as ever to the miners' cause, it was impossible to mend a ruined industry by ruining others. Others had honorable scruples about ceasing work without due notice to their employers. Further, the T. U. C. had probably underrated the promptitude with which the Government's call for "volunteers" and "special constables" would be answered by the general public. On the underground railways alone, 9,000 volunteers kept a reduced traffic going, and 40,000 special constables enrolled to assist the British police, army and navy in the preservation of "Law and Order," and the upholding of "king and country." It speedily became clear that public opinion—even that portion which might be sympathetic to the miners—was overwhelmingly against the general strike, and it became increasingly difficult to explain how a sympathetic strike could hope to succeed by putting the general public to the maximum of inconvenience. The net result is the discrediting of the shock method in the settlement of industrial disputes, and after a period of confusion, unimaginable waste and dislocation, we are back at the pre-strike stage, back to negotiation on the basis of the report, with trades unionism discredited by defeat, threatened by the loss of some of its powers, and with the added disadvantage of embittered tempers on both sides.

Worst of all is the making of a separate peace—a peace made without the presence and consent of the party on whose behalf the strike was called, and disowned by them as soon as known. The terms of the Memorandum in which the T. U. C. print their official intimation of surrender must make the miners feel sick with its high-sounding words about terminating the stoppage "in order that negotiations could be resumed to secure a settlement in the coal mining industry free and unfettered from either strike or lock-out," well knowing that even if they called off the strike, the *lock-out would not be called off by the owners.* It is certain that many of those who sent no subscriptions to assist the general strike will strain themselves to assist the miners in their lonely struggle to maintain a decent standard of life, and to get the coal industry reorganized on a truly economic basis. Already, the Russian miners have sent financial assistance. The German miners have promised similar aid. One waits to know what the American miners will do. I think we may anticipate a swing round of public sympathy for the British miner, crushed between the upper and the nether millstones of Capitalism at home and Competition abroad.

Another and deeper consideration seems proper to the pages of UNITY. The deepest impression made on the mind of the present writer is that of *retribution.* I fling no mud at the miners or the owners. They were no worse than the rest of the community. But religious people are bound to get down to moral causes. And it is impossible to forget that while the general strike was the result of the decline in the British coal trade, the decline in the British coal trade was the result of the war and the robbers' peace of Versailles, against which the miners made no protest, though it condemned the German miner to helotage for generations to come. We cannot forget that the war violence of the miners broke Keir Hardie's heart, and took him from us before his time. The Versailles Treaty compelled Germany to deliver vast quantities of coal to France and Italy, thus closing two of Britain's markets. Hence the slump in British coal. Some of us foretold this at the time. Whatever we sow, that and nothing else in due time we shall reap.

Again. The war taught us the futility of the policy of the "knock-out blow." Imagine then the effect upon those of us who "never forget" when responsible British statesmen gravely announced a policy of "war to the bitter end." "Fight it out," shouted the clubmen. "Smash the unions," cried the Tory die-hards. "Bring out the machine guns," chattered irresponsible clerks and shop girls. Day after day the psychology of August, 1914, was visibly repeating itself—the same old lies, brag, humbug, misrepresentation, concealments, shoddy appeals to patriotism, king and country, the same shouts of "freedom" from the throats of bullies. Whether we call it strike or lock-out, industrial war is savagery like any other kind, and is accompanied by similar eruptions of hate and destructiveness. Class war can be as bitter as that between nations. *The British Gazette,* edited by Winston Churchill, and printed in the office of *The Morning Post,* was a brilliant disgrace, and even had the effrontery to suppress a peace message from the Archbishop of Canterbury, which the Government also interdicted on the wireless broadcasting. Thus, as ever in war, was the nation hoodwinked.

The strife of tongues finally solidified into talk of "Revolution." The Government was wickedly alarmist and played with calculated sentimentality on the well-known strings of patriotism, king and country, as if the millions of strikers and sympathizers had ceased to belong to the country. The Government persistently represented the strike as political or revolutionary, while the T. U. C. strove to counter the mean misrepresentation by insisting on the purely industrial character of the conflict. The T. U. C. had offered to assist the Government in the maintenance of food supplies, but, meanly enough, the offer was not published, and was not even acknowledged to those who made it. Why? Because, obviously, public knowledge of the offer would have made the cry of revolution ridiculous. The parading of troops and the spectacular passage of food supplies through the streets under military convoys was

part of the dodge to create the impression that revolution was the enemy who must be overawed by the glitter of bayonets. From beginning to end, the Government policy was the same as in 1914—No peace without victory, and victory by any means whatever.

Finally, as UNITY ever proclaims, Force is no remedy. Trades unionism must turn from the strike to the ballot, and get into line with the Parliamentary Labor Party. Parliament is controlled by the majority of voters. When Labor has converted the Tory workingman it can work its revolution in the only way any revolution can be safe—that is, without shedding a drop of blood, either aristocratic blue or democratic red. Capital, too, must learn that injustice is the force-bed of revolutionary propaganda. Peace obtained by bullying and the glitter of bayonets will not last, for it leaves untouched the actual grounds of discontent. The only peace that will endure is the peace of *Justice*.

WALTER WALSH.

London, England.

The Great Upheaval

(*Written in London, May, 1926, from the "Battle Front."*)

To begin with, nobody believed it would really happen. By "nobody," I mean the average unexcited, optimistic, tea-drinking, sports-loving Englishman or woman. As to the Government, the "powers behind the throne," and *their* preparedness—well, that is a different matter. There are those who declare that actual preparation had been going on during all the long months of the subsidy—but here again I'm not qualified to say. I only know that the every-day Britisher didn't expect it at all.

"Not a chance in the world—it simply couldn't be!" so a group of jolly young people informed me on the very morning of the workers' May Day parade—thoughtlessly, as ecstatic young is apt to do; not going deeply into anything; but just—oh, just in the national mood of "Cheerio!" and "Right-O!"

So I ventured: "It's nothing to make light of . . . terribly serious business, I should think."

"I suppose you're looking for revolution?" hazarded one of the young men.

"Perhaps not revolution," I said. "But look at those banners" . . . we could see them from the sun parlor . . . "get the spirit. Surely it means *something!*"

"Nothing but Moscow! Our own men are all right. If it wasn't for foreign influence, you'd never see any of that red flag business in Hyde Park. The British workman is steady and contented—it's *not he* that's stirring up trouble!"

"You mean he would be satisfied with his lot? Wouldn't murmur?"

"Just that. He'd be all right. We'd have peace."

With difficulty I refrained from saying: "That's not complimentary to the British workingman's intelligence!" But instead, I continued to stare from the sun parlor window till the last bright banner disappeared down Bayswater Road, and observed: "Well, anyway, it's a sign they're thinking. For my part, I honor them."

"What? You honor them? Good gracious. . . . Oh, to be sure. You're an American. . . . Sorry we can't oblige you with an upheaval. Not a chance in the world!" After which the gramophone was set going and somebody started to dance the Charleston.

That very night, Saturday, the newspapers had big black headlines: *General Strike Ordered. Complete Hold-Up at Monday Midnight of Traffic and Other Services. Nearly Four Million Workers to Go Out. The King Declares a State of National Emergency.*

Unless by midnight on Monday the miners' dispute was settled, this doom would be upon us.

"But, of course, it *will be settled*. The British are too sane and level-headed to permit such a tragedy. *Of course, it can't happen!*"

But it did. In a lightning's flash, while people danced and dined, crowded the cinema houses and theaters, chatted and laughed and speculated on the probable outcome, the whirring wheels of the huge labor machine suddenly, irrevocably, desperately, came to a dead stop. Not part of the machine, as in times past, but the *whole machine stopped going.*

It was without doubt the biggest sensation of a lifetime, to watch and wait with suspense for the hands of the clock to reach midnight; to hear the chimes of the city strike . . . and to know the decision had come. One had the feeling, somehow, that at this crucial moment of a nation's experience—indeed, in an hour that ushered in an epoch-making event in the history of the planet earth—our little globe hung suspended in the dark heavens as a curious and astonishing object to inhabitants of other spheres. *The incredible thing had happened.* Collectively, the downtrodden and the oppressed had reached a point in evolution where they got up from the ground, stood firmly on their feet, and, eye to eye, dared to face the powers that had ruled them since the beginning of time. Whether one approved the *method* or not; whether one cursed and condemned or applauded and rejoiced, one simply had to face and to *feel* the *significance* of the thing.

Out of the hollow of midnight, the thrill of knowing:

"Never before in the history of the world—never on so gigantic a scale. Right or wrong, successful or non-successful . . . the *power and the terror of it! The meaning, the meaning!*"

By Tuesday morning, the whole nation understood.

If you want to know what that first day of the Great Strike was like, just imagine America visited by a similar calamity. Imagine that in the United States, ten million workers (I believe that would be the proportion) should cease working, and the nation's industries should stand still.

Suppose it had been New York instead of London. The street cars, omnibuses, elevated railways, subways, all lines of transportation being stopped, try to visualize what the thoroughfares would look like when the people swarmed out of the buildings into the streets, determined to *walk* to their places of business, if it took all day! Then, suppose all the people who wanted to take trains out of town found the trains stock still in the train sheds. Suppose the ferries refused to move, and you couldn't get off Manhattan Island unless you had special means of your own.

Then, being a New Yorker, let us say: Suppose

you walked up to Central Park and found it guarded by police . . . you couldn't get inside for love or money. Mysterious things were happening inside, tents and small buildings going up, line upon line of lorries, motor trucks, armored cars, troops, taking up the space formerly given to happy pedestrians and nurses wheeling perambulators. . . . All in the twinkling of an eye, New York virtually changed into an armed camp. A sense of doom and mystery in the air, nobody knowing what would come next. Imagine rushing to your newsdealer to buy your favorite morning paper and being told that, too, was impossible. No newspapers to be had—not one! Not even a hand bill at first—*nothing!*

Imagine struggling to get the truth by radio, and hearing only curtailed accounts . . . You'd have to get your information from the man in the street, or your next door neighbor, and they wouldn't really know, either!

Well, just so in London, on the first day of the General Strike. We didn't know anything! We couldn't find out anything! Nobody believed it was serious, as yet. You in America had full accounts of the strike, pictures by radio, interviews, headlines and everything while we in London were still groping and praying for information that might be relied upon.

On Monday night, with dread in the air, I had slept brokenly, but sinking at last into dead slumber, really overslept, and when on Tuesday morning I awoke to hear a noise like the roaring of a storm outside of my window, I lifted my head from the pillow to see a huge lorry filled with khaki-clad figures go hurtling past my window. There seemed to be no end of lorries, and no end of crashing sounds.

For several days the traffic had been diverted from the main road to the side street on which my windows looked, and now I saw that what had seemed an annoyance was to prove of actual benefit in bringing the great pageant directly under my observation. The whole thing was to be served right up to my window ledge, without my moving from the room! I was actually to live in the center of the storm, hearing the thunder and seeing the big panorama.

I got to the window, and what a sight met my eyes! The whole street was black with people, a vast multitude on their way to business, and the roads were simply choked with motor cars, bicycles, private cars, every sort of vehicle, ancient or modern. In a day or two even the hansom cab was to come bravely into its own again!

The British public was getting a lot of sport out of the experience—on that first day. Everybody was smiling and chatting, even laughing at the very idea of the thing! They could "jolly well walk to their work," said most. And all optimistically predicted that "the whole thing would blow over in a day."

"It can't last—it won't last. You'll see!"

My mother and I, as guests in a private home where a few boarders are taken, immediately sought the true facts from the heads of the house, and were instantly reassured. "It'll all be over by tomorrow. Don't worry in the least."

"But why are you so sure?"

Our hostess' eyes shone with electric certainty. "Just watch and you'll soon know why." By way of amplification, she uttered one word, with intense significance: "Volunteers!"

Ah, that was the gist of it, the crux of it. Volunteers! Every mother's son rushing out to enlist at once in the ever-increasing army that was destined to start the big labor machine going again. Volunteers! By the thousands, by the hundreds of thousands . . . sons, husbands, fathers, sweethearts, brothers, flinging themselves into the breach for the sake of King and Country. . . .

Whatever your politics, whatever your private convictions about this terrific issue between the workers and their masters, you couldn't help admiring the splendid spirit of the every-day Britisher who instantly leaped to the emergency. The staid, prosaic, unexcited Englishman; the cheery, placid, helpful Englishwoman, the up-to-the-minute, courageous English girl, applauding her fiance as he rushed off to grapple with the actual job of the "common worker."

Even "Cheerio," the dapper youth who had danced the Charleston, offered himself straightway as a 'bus conductor, and was getting up at five o'clock in the morning, going to work with a will. Another guest of the house was acting as traffic policeman, and his betrothed with sparkling eyes regaled us with exciting tales of his efficiency. From our windows we could wave greetings to members of the household now engaged in these vital services. And oh, the novelty of getting on an omnibus and finding some dignitary who once wore white spats and a silk hat, smilingly taking your fare! Oh, it was "awfully jolly" and "frightfully exciting" not to know when you got on a 'bus just who might be singing out: *"Any more fares, please? Thanks very much!"*

Eager to know exactly what was happening in Hyde Park, my mother and I boarded one of these volunteer omnibuses, protected by three men up in the driver's seat: one a big policeman, the other actually driving, and the third ready to assist the driver in emergency. The bonnet of the 'bus was covered with barbed wire and, all in all, we dared to feel safe. On the windows of the 'bus we found various legends scrawled in white chalk, the outstanding slogan being: *"Britons never will be slaves."* Interpret it as you like! *"A brick in the hand is worth two in the bus"* (another slogan); also, *"Red, only in color."*

What appalled us about the shopping district of London on this day was the stillness, the non-moving condition of things. Nobody doing any shopping! Deadness. Suspense. In spite of all the surface cheer, London was gripped by fear and inaction. Business *had stopped.* Nobody really knew for how long!

Returning by way of Marble Arch, we got off and made a tour of Park Lane, staring in amazement at the miracle that had taken place in Hyde Park just overnight. Line upon line of lorries, white tents and buildings, policemen barring the entrances, every evidence of war.

Spread out before us, even as in the old Biblical story, the vast evidence of a nation's facilities for warfare, for protection. "Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host; and they *came by night and compassed the city about.*"

It was like that.

"Haven't the newspapers come yet? What's the news? What's the *real news?*"

"Can't get any papers," our newsdealer told us. He and his wife and girl clerk ("clark" in England) stood out in front of the shop, bewildered, stunned, like everyone else.

"But I thought the Government was going to publish *The British Gazette?*"

"Hasn't come yet."

"What'll you do if there are no papers to sell?"

It was the same story all along the street of small shops near our boarding place. Across the street, just by the entrance to Kensington Gardens (still open to the public), stood the familiar figure of the little woman who sells toy balloons and candies ("sweets") to the kiddies.

Her dismal face told the story. "Nobody will buy!"

"But why not? How can the strike possibly affect the sale of toy balloons and chocolates?"

She stared at me in surprise. "Haven't you seen? No children in the Gardens today! No one to buy."

"No children?"

"No. Their mothers are afraid of riots."

This self-same woman later told my mother with shining eyes what a boon the strike had been to her from a personal point of view. "The rides I've had!" she exclaimed. "Taxi rides and private cars. . . . everybody's been so good to me. It was wonderful!"

The tragedy of it. The comedy. The beauty. The chaos. The fear. The uncertainty. The doom. The courage!

Then came *The British Gazette* . . . one solitary issue, posted outside the newsdealers. I joined the eager group that jostled to get some standing place to read what the Government had to tell us. All over London people were standing in groups reading Bulletins, and now we learned that Channel service might be started soon, but in the meantime air service was swamped. Later we learned how the tourists had fled before the strike like birds before a storm. They went while the going was good.

Fear. And *war.*

That was really it. A *war* the like of which had never before taken place on earth. "Not a shot fired," so the Government assured us. Not a shot fired, but none the less terrible and terrifying.

Every mother's son doing special service. All the men in our house had now become special constables. They had the right, under the emergency act, to take any course deemed necessary in protecting the vital services. By day and night these men were on duty. They were guarding the electric light and power houses, safeguarding the gas works, driving engines, seeing that we got food and drink.

Armored cars and troops escorted the food supply to its destination. The Government had all the facilities. Yet Fear prevailed. Under the cheery exterior, desperate determination, the knowledge that this struggle was epoch-marking; that defeat meant utter ruin for England.

That night, we felt it to the marrow when we gathered with the family to hear Baldwin's appeal by radio. Our host and hostess were equipped with a loud speaker and all facilities, so the speeches came through with clearness and power. In the darkened place, we made an intense and quiet circle, forgetting all else when suddenly Baldwin's voice and Baldwin's presence poured into the room. It was literally that. The premier was speaking with the depth, passion and clearness of a man who knew the end of the world was near, if every effort was not made by every Briton to avert it. He was there, in our midst, calling on the forces of the nation to save England from destruction. More volunteers! And more, and yet more. It was *war.* It was a fight to the uttermost. The English people *would not be starved into subjection.* They would *resist, resist, resist to the end.*

Then we heard another appeal (by radio), a different sort of utterance. The Archbishop of Canterbury took us into his confidence, spoke to us as one soul crying out to a nation of souls. I think I have not seen anywhere that address of the Archbishop's, reported just as he gave it. For he said this! Yes, he dared to say it: "If we had done the Christ-like thing, if we had always acted as Christians should have acted, this evil would not be upon us."

A soul speaking to other souls. Again I had the sense of being etherealized, standing outside this whole scene; looking down on it as from some distant planet. The whole struggle was lifted to the universal, and other worlds looked on, wondering what would be the outcome. There were two forces on this planet, two forces at grips with one another. One said: "We shall not yield!" And another: "We cannot yield!"

"If we had always done the Christ-like thing, this evil, this evil would not be upon us!"

* * * * * * *

It is all over. The troops have left Hyde Park. Nurses wheeling perambulators traverse the paths once given up to tents and lorries and armored cars. Hawthorne blooms in the Gardens, lupin and pansies and tulips are everywhere. All London is rosy and golden with Spring.

"Thank God, it's over!" No one is ashamed to say it.

But is it over? Who shall say? Has anything been settled? Surface joy, surface relief, and the machinery of life once more moving in the accustomed way.

Whatever your politics, your convictions, your religion, your personal bias or lack of bias, this one thing has occurred on the planet earth. A waking giant stirred, lifted his mighty limbs, stood up and made a gesture. And the earth trembled.

The gods are watching us. What can they think, I wonder?

ANGELA MORGAN.

The World State

Oh, how I love Humanity
With love so pure and pringlish;
And how I hate the horrid French
Who never will be English.

The International Idea,
The largest and the clearest,
Draws me to all the nations now
Except the one that's nearest.

This compromise has long been known,
This scheme of partial pardons,
In Ethical Societies
And small suburban gardens,

The villas and the chapels where
I learned with little labor
The way to love my fellowman
And hate my next-door neighbor.

G. K. C.'s Weekly. *G. K. Chesterton.*

The Study Table

The Conquest of the Philippines

It is unlikely that we shall ever have the full true story of our imperialistic adventure in the Philippines. It is probably the darkest blot on our nation's history. For various reasons any discussion of the matter is unpopular. The influences that threw us into the war with Spain, that decided the case against Filipino independence in 1898, that have uttered false and misleading pretensions through pliant Presidents and senators during more than a quarter of a century, are still at work and presumably will continue to operate for some time to come. If the facts could get to the people, the American heart and conscience would see justice done. But the truth does not reach them. People generally believe that we have done and are doing fine things in those islands, which came to us "unsought, by the fortune of war." Newspapers do not print, publishers do not issue, pulpits do not preach, the truth. Everything has been misrepresented. Regarding our war with Spain, our suppression and destruction of the Philippine republic, our mistakes of administration, our actual purposes in the islands, the attitude of more than ten million Filipinos towards us—Americans generally are completely ignorant. The books and articles that are most easily accessible give the impression that we have conferred great benefits, that we have made tremendous sacrifices to help a people forward, that we are engaged in a high and splendid mission, that without our protecting and directing hand the Filipinos would go to rack and ruin. Any one reading Dean Worcester, Judge Williams and Miss Mayo might easily feel that the American administration has been an unqualified blessing and that the Filipinos would be wise to implore us to remain in control indefinitely—if not forever. Even books written by Filipinos, voicing their demand for freedom and presenting their "case," are compelled to speak in generous praise and to refrain from actual attack, from fear of jeopardizing the cause.

It is rare, then, to find a book like that just published by Moorfield Storey under the title: "The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States: 1898-1925."* Associated with him in the authorship is Marcial P. Lichauo, a Filipino who has made his law study in this country. The name of Moorfield Storey commands respect; a leader in American legal practice, no one better than he knows our legal status in the Philippines. He is a man who stands fearlessly for his convictions. He has repeatedly interested himself in legal defense of Negroes in this country, and has gained many a victory for them. He has opposed our Philippine policy from the beginning and was prominent in the organization of the Anti-Imperialist League, of which he has long been president. In his new book he tells an amazing story of deceit, hypocrisy and violation of fundamental American principles. He begins at the very root of the matter. He asserts that the claim that we went blindly and benevolently into the war with Spain is false. The people were honest in believing that we fought to advance noble ends. The leaders knew better. Before we declared war, it had been decided that we would take over the Philippines. We proclaimed that we would help the Cubans to free themselves from despotic government and to establish a new republic on earth. We even expressed sympathy for the Filipinos, who also had attempted to free themselves. We were horrified at General Weyler's brutal concentration camps in Cuba. So we entered the war. To gain our ends we entered into agreement with the Filipino leaders, then in exile; we made them think we were aiding them in their fight for liberty. When, with their aid, we gained a foothold, we turned against them. We were soon fighting those who had been our allies. It was a war of exceptional bitterness and cruelty. Before it ended we out-Weylered Weyler in the matter of "concentration camps." For three years, a poor, untrained and unequipped people fought for their liberty bravely, but against terrific odds. We gained a victory —final and inglorious. Moorfield Storey gives the tale in full.

When we were dickering with Spain, the Filipinos remonstrated against our buying the islands and the people from the conquered foes. They took the position that they were not Spain's to give or sell; that they had won their freedom and were entitled to decide their own affairs. Then, for three years they fought to maintain the government they had established. Now, for a quarter of a century they have protested against our control. They have repeatedly demanded independence. Time and again they have been encouraged to expect it. The same influences that decided upon the war with Spain and dictated the terms of the Treaty of Paris, have blocked their every effort. They are blocking them today; they will continue to block them in the future, unless the American people appreciate the situation and grant the independence, which is so insistently demanded. Nowhere so well as in Moorfield Storey's book can we read the record of deceit, suppression of facts, misrepresentation, treachery and meanness of the period from 1898 to 1925. It is sad reading, but it is truth. During the world war we heard much of democracy, of self-determination, of a world fit to live in. Three times since the world war ended the Filipinos have made demand for independence. They have done it with dignity and seriousness. They have met the conditions we imposed. And yet their demand has not been granted. Mr. Coolidge is subject to the same influences as were McKinley and Taft, Roosevelt and Harding. He has the chance to do the finest thing that any President has had since Lincoln. Left to himself and the influences to which he bends, he will lose the opportunity to send his name glorious through the ages. He will act only if the American people resolutely demand it. The question is much larger than the independence of ten million people. It involves the principles on which our government rests. Failure to do our duty now is serious. Froude's words are still true: "If there be one lesson which history clearly teaches, it is this: that free nations cannot govern *subject* provinces." So, too, is Lincoln's utterance: "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it." On Washington's birthday of this very year, the Filipino people united in public prayer, to Lincoln's just God, for independence. Having appealed in vain to Presidents Harding and Cool-

*The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States: 1898-1925. Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichano. New York: 1926. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8° pp. xi-274.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Community Church of New York
Park Avenue and 34th Street
announces
Three Addresses
in Celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial of the
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(1776-1926)
by
John Haynes Holmes
Sundays

June 20—A New Nation Conceived in Liberty — Yesterday's Achievement.

June 27—Has the Nation Fulfilled Its Birthright?—Today's Reckoning.

July 4—A New Declaration of Independence—Tomorrow's Challenge.

11 A. M.

You are very cordially invited to attend.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE DUE 1926

"Resolved, That it is our profound conviction that the time has come to grant complete and unqualified independence to the Philippine people. They have met the requirements made by Congress that they should establish a stable government. Further delay in granting their independence would be an injustice to them and an abrogation of American principles."

The above resolution was unanimously passed at a mass meeting held under the auspices of the Seattle Fellowship, in the Social Room of the Y. M. C. A., May 14, 1926.

It is being sent to the President, Vice-President, Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Congressmen and Governors. It carries with it the intimation that JULY FOURTH, 1926—THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE would be an appropriate time for our government to begin seriously to take steps toward Philippine Independence.

JULY FOURTH — OUR INDEPENDENCE BIRTHDAY—falls this year on Sunday. How appropriate for pulpits, platforms, mass-meetings, after the READING of the Declaration of Independence, 1776—to advocate the granting of Philippine Independence! Also, to send resolutions in to the President and to Congress. The Methodist Episcopal Church in the Philippines, pastors and laity, recently affirmed that "we are in entire sympathy with the national aspirations of the Philippine people."

The Seattle Fellowship broadcasts this suggestion in the confidence that the great mass of the American people favor granting such independence, because it has been promised—and "scrap of paper" diplomacy does not appeal to our people—and because they believe in the principle of self-determination in government, and that without the consent of the governed no government is just.

THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA

Its Location

From 1894 to 1902 this Institute had its headquarters in Peking, though possessing no property. Great favor had been accorded by the very highest of Ministers of State. Owing to the havoc wrought by the Boxer upheaval of 1900, with not one contribution coming from any one for three years, I decided after consultation with friends to make a trial of Shanghai as headquarters for our work.

From 1902 to the beginning of the Great War in 1914 there was a continuous stream of favor and prosperity at the hands of both Chinese and foreign friends. A plot of ground centrally located on a whole square of over two acres was purchased for the Institute by the Chinese. Buildings were erected, Mr. William G. Low of Brooklyn being the chief benefactor. Due to the property and the work, Shanghai was regarded as the headquarters of the International Institute of China. At the same time connections were maintained with the government authorities in Peking, both under the Manchu monarchy and the new Republic.

During the period 1914 to 1921 the Institute dwelt in the shadows and like many another organization of peace had to endure trial and tribulation. The property, which had become very valuable, remained in the hands of the Institute and was not confiscated. At the request of President Yuan Shih-kai, when the war arose in Europe, I sought to preserve the neutrality of China and I pointed out the harm to all if China's neutral rights should be trampled upon by either side in the World War. The result was that the Allied Powers, not caring anything about China's welfare or rights, put me down as an enemy and so as a pro-German. I was boycotted by the British newspapers in China, and it looked as if the Institute was being boycotted, too. Having an opportunity to express my ideas in a daily paper in Peking, *The Peking Post*, in which my German friends were interested, I had no compunction of conscience about the matter. Before either the United States or China went into the war and gave the war their blessing, I purchased this daily and had it duly registered in my name as proprietor and editor. I thus in 1916 and 1917 made Peking my own headquarters though the Institute maintained its headquarters in Shanghai. From 1916 to my return from America in 1921 I drew no salary from the Institute. My expression of opinion as to what China ought to do and my keeping up relations with my German friends in China were all contrary to the dictum of "the Allied and Associated Powers," and so without any process of law I was deported by the American Government at the request of the Chinese Government, being forced thus to take action under pressure from seven governments. Thus my headquarters were removed from Peking, while the work of the International Institute of China was left in a precarious position.

On returning to China in the autumn of 1921, I decided, on promised favors from the then President and Premier in Peking, to concentrate on Peking in forwarding the work of the Institute. This has continued till the present year. Now it seems best to again revert to Shanghai and concentrate there in carrying out the plans of the Institute. There are two chief reasons for so doing. The one is that financially the door seems closed in Peking. Work can be still carried on in Peking and is certainly needed, but under the chaotic condition of Chinese politics it hardly seems likely that any property or other financial assistance will be placed at the disposal of the International Institute.

A second reason for moving back to Shanghai is that the Institute as a result of much labor has already valuable property suitable for headquarters. It looks as if my staying away from Shanghai and neglecting the task of organizing the work would mean that the Institute would come to an end and the property be transferred to some other more active organization. Of course I cannot live many decades more, being now sixty-eight, and it may be that I will still fail in securing the services of one or more to carry out the Institute aims, but I will do my best to so organize that the International Institute of China will remain a permanency.

In the main the situation is much as follows: If the Chinese in Peking had provided us with a site as they have done in Shanghai, and if our ideas had received both Chinese and foreign

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idge, they have transferred their plea to a higher power. Between the two deaf Presidents and the just God is the American people. It can hear the plea; it can grant the appeal; it can settle the case. Such books as Moorfield Storey's may aid by presenting facts on which to base action. *Immediate* action is necessary. Justice long deferred is injustice.

FREDERICK STARR.

backing, then probably Peking would have been made the headquarters, and Shanghai the branch. Part of the buildings in Shanghai could have been rented out and brought in revenue to help the work in both places. This is practically the policy pursued the last five years. On the other hand, as there are Institute buildings in Shanghai, and as support seems unlikely in Peking, the idea is to utilize these buildings for our own purposes and make Shanghai the headquarters and Peking the branch. If we had money at our disposal, I would favor work in both places. The Institute is needed in both places. There are difficulties and disappointments, but the needs remain, needs such as the International Institute can meet.

For several years we have centered on the promotion of friendship between Chinese and foreigners, between Christians and other religionists, and, what is more, between Chinese and Chinese as opposed to civil strife. We have held conferences, formed committees and conducted a weekly paper called *The International Journal* as a medium for all good ideas and helpful deeds. By renting out most of the buildings of the Institute in Shanghai, funds have been provided to do this work. Even so, I myself for three years of *The International Journal* have had to advance over $6,000 (gold) to meet the expenses.

In returning to Shanghai and using the buildings for Institute work, we will be cut off from the revenue thus provided the last few years. Besides carrying on a particular work, I will again be called upon to raise money to meet our expenses. This is not a pleasant prospect at my time of life. For thirty years we have had the faith to carry on to the present stage of development and have not been bereft of providential opportunities. So now I press forward, trusting in the blessing and guidance of a loving God.

GILBERT REID.

Peking, China.

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATORS' DAY

Saturday, July 3rd, is Co-operators' Day, celebrated in a score of countries by the members of thousands of co-operative societies. Workers and farmers of England, France, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Russia and a dozen or more other countries will on that day lay aside their work and meet in Co-operative Hall, People's House, or in the open fields to talk about their Co-operative Movement, to plan for its extension, to celebrate their victories.

Great parades of men, women and children will march through the streets of a hundred cities and towns.

Monster picnics and entertainments will take place in the woods or along the streams in many a town, and leaders will talk in most of the languages known to Europe, exhorting the co-operators to give still greater support to their own business enterprises and to bring into the fold hundreds of new members for each society.

Special decorations will appear in shop windows and over the walls of many thousands of co-operative buildings; and everywhere will appear the rainbow colors of the International Co-operative Flag.

Women's Guilds will talk of Peace and Plenty. Children will take part in sports and games. Men will discuss the relationship of Co-operation to Organized Labor and to International Capitalism. Greetings will be sent from all corners of the continent to the International Co-operative Alliance.

Everywhere will be heard the rallying cry:

CO-OPERATORS OF
THE WORLD, RAISE
YOUR BANNERS!

MAY THE BEAUTY OF THE COLOR COMBINATION OF THE HEAVENLY SIGN BE A COVENANT TO ALL THE WORLD THAT THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF CO-OPERATION WILL STAND BETWEEN HUMANITY AND THE CHAOS OF CIVILIZATION FOR ALL TIME.

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